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BLOCKBUSTERS

61709

OUR BREASTS WILL GRAB YOU!

BLOCKBUSTERS

VOLUME 9 NUMBER 3

CONTENTS

FICTION
TITS ARE SURE DEATH 8

ARTICLE
EUROPE IS JUST A BIG BUST 34

FEATURE
BUST LINES: LETTERS 16

PICTORIALS
TOP OF THE TIT PARADE 4
NIBBLY KNOBS 12
BEAUTY AND THE BREAST 18
D-CUP MEANS DELICIOUS 22
BLUE RIBBON JUGS 24
OPEN SEASON ON MELONS 30
CHOCOLATE CHUNKIES 38
ALL-DAY SUCKERS 42
TWO FOR DINNER 46
HOW ABOUT A BLACK EYEFUL? 52

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EDITORIAL

"They're not gonna show nothing like that in my town!" Those are the immortal—if ungrammatical—words of an appointed police chief in a small northern California town. He applied "My Own Law", he said in answer to questions of what law gives him the right to dictate morals in a community of 7,000. That law, of course, is named after him.

When there was a question of the film being played as a test of constitutional rights by the theater owner, the film was "reviewed" by the Chief, one of his police sergeants, a sheriff's sergeant, a probation officer and, oh, yes, *one* elected official, a police court magistrate.

Five people—four of them appointed public servants—sat in judgment for a town of 7,000.

That—by any definition—is censorship.

It is the kind of thing that the First Amendment is opposed to.

It goes on in that little town—which might as well be known as "My Town"—now that he has claimed it.

It goes on in other towns, and cities, and states and all across the nation.

It will stop only when YOU lift up your voice and pen and demand that the Constitution be obeyed, and that morality be taken out of the hands of any group of five who claim to be able to decide for 6,995 others!

TOP OF THE TIT PARADE

Whenever any girl wants to ask this champion how to get to the top of the tit parade, and stay there—the answer is simple and sweet: develop a lot of bounce, and don't hold it in!

TITS ARE SURE DEATH

When a horny dude has set up a perfect murder plot and actually has his hands on his big twin rewards, sometimes the last laugh is remote controlled!

Linette clung to him. Her mammoth breasts were crushed against his manly chest. Her lips were hot, moist and writhing under his as their tongues darted and twisted together.

He brought his right hand up, pulling her flimsy blouse aside. He couldn't wait to get his hands on the enormous tits that had first caught his eye, the very first day he saw Linette.

Panting, she broke away from their steaming embrace. As he fought to free her boobies, her hands stroked and raked his sides, his flanks, his groin, his throbbing manhood.

He dropped his head and engulfed one of her titties with his mouth. She moaned and pushed up against him. One hand was insistent on the back of his head, crushing his hot mouth ever harder against the soft and enormous globe of her breast. His saliva began trickling past the edges of his mouth. He was so turned on that he hardly noticed, but the little squiggles of tickling spit made her wiggle even more. She knew she had him turned on like a welding torch, and she was ready!

"Take me, take me!" she moaned wildly, twisting under his continued licking and sucking of her magnificent jugs.

He thought of simply throwing her down onto the soft turf, springy under their feet. But before he lost all reason, a part of his brain clanged a warning that penetrated the murk of his intemperate, raging wild lust for this delicious woman.

He could hear the distant drone of the lawnmower. . . .

Where was her husband?

The sound of the damned lawnmower was quite a distance away, but since it was a remote-controlled mower, her husband could be anywhere on the spacious lawns. He could be hiding behind some bushes or a stretch of hedge, watching them this very minute!

"We don't know where Ethan is," he said reluctantly after he pulled his mouth from hers. "We'll have to find out where he is." He looked down between their bodies. She was still holding him with her right hand. She had placed her left hand at the nape of his neck during the kiss, but now she moved that hand to join the other. As he watched, both her hands clasped his rigid flesh.

Sighing, she withdrew her hands, turned away, buttoned her blouse.

"All right," she whispered petulantly. "See where he is!"

Hot-blooded wench! Ethan didn't deserve her!

He wandered off through the maze of rose bushes and puzzle-like strips of hedge, lighting a cigarette with shaking hands. Linette was shattering in her female way—he type of woman most men dreamed about finding but never managed to find. And, besides Linette, he now had the financial opportunity of a lifetime, the kind most men never had. Everything—these past months—had been going his way, events and elements ballooning fantastically until his mind was constantly screaming, *Here it is! Everything you want! Take it!*

He stopped at one of the hedges when he saw Ethan on the far side of the lawn near the house. The remote control mechanism gleamed in his hand and, by a visual trick, the sparkles of sunlight on the metal box in the man's hand seemed larger than the man.

He hesitated, inhaling on the cigarette as he watched the huge mower running through the tall grass a hundred feet from where Ethan stood. Ethan had spent an hour that morning showing him the new mower. Specially designed and with its own special remote control system, the mower was almost as expensive as a Cadillac. In Ethan's hands, it was a toy, nothing more than another toy he had purchased.

When he returned to the spot he'd left Linette, he was startled to find her gone.

Had he made her mad? Had she gone back to the house?

Then he saw her legs against the grass—creamy lengths of long curved flesh outlined against the green of the lawn. She had found a place behind one of the hedges, lying there.

He hurried to her and dropped to his knees while he unbuckled his belt, slipping out of his pants and shorts as he knelt beside her.

"I saw him too," she whispered. "He's so far away, we have plenty of time."

She had pulled her skirt above her hips and unbuttoned her blouse again. Her lush breasts were slightly flatter as she lay there but were still more rounded and bulging than some women's when standing erect. Her nipples jutted toward him and she spread her long legs to welcome him; he watched with his heart thudding more deeply as the triangle of green grass between her legs grew until it was more than enough space for him, the apex of creamy flesh presenting a smaller and softer dark triangle waiting for him.

He came down on her, eager to thrust in her now, but she moaned, "Kiss my breasts first."

He did not want to go through the preliminary, wanted to sink into her soft moist depth immediately now that he knew they wouldn't be discovered. He flicked his mouth from one rigid nipple to the other so quickly he expected her to protest but, as he pressed into her for that first tip of contact, she smiled up at him and wriggled her hips.

Her voice was false, jokingly imitating a cheap whore, she said, "OK, honey, give me every inch you got! Come on and I'll give you a ride worth every dime!"

He thrust into her moist velvety crevice, blind with his desire, aware she was laughing at her assumed role, aware her hips were jerking upward to meet his hungry thrust.

They smashed together, locking their bodies in the air with her buttocks up from the grass. He drove with every ounce of muscle in his thighs, beating her soft buttocks down to the ground with the first plunge. From the first, he worked furiously to keep smashing her against the ground again and again. She writhed and continually struggled to arch her hips but he was always too fast and strong for her, pinning her down with the quick beatings of his manhood and his body until she exploded beneath and around him in fiery liquid bursts, his own body emptying into her beautiful body.

All movement stopped. A faint breeze swept through nearby tree branches, the same sudden breeze caressing the beads of sweat on his forehead. She had turned her head to one side, her cheek against the grass, eyes closed, red lips slightly parted. Her lush naked breasts were pulsing with the slackening but still violent heartbeat beneath.

He expected her to say once more that she loved him and wanted him more than anything else in the world. Instead, he was jarred when tears squeezed from between her closed eyes, she whispered. "I can't stand it. I can't wait. Kill him now, Clint, as we planned. *Kill him now.*"

She sighed. Greater tears slid from her closed eyes.

Moving across the luxurious stretches of lawn, he lit another cigarette. His hands were calm now. All future paths were clear and there were no doubts in his mind. Linette wanted him more than anything else in the world. She had spent five long years with Ethan. Empty years in many ways. She had told him that Ethan was capable of sex but had no interest in it. He had interest only in money and toys such as powerful lawnmowers. Ethan had starved Linette for five long years—starved her of love and sex. Now Linette was desperate.

He saw Ethan near the garage, admiring his new mower.

"Oh, hello, Clint," the older man said as he turned. He spoke with the same intonation he would have used outside the conference room—accidentally meeting either a janitor or a vice president. *Everyone is the same to him,* Clint thought bitterly. *Everyone is an employee. He probably considers Linette no more than a legal bed employee.* "Do you have the catalyst?" Ethan smirked at the word *catalyst* and lit his pipe.

Clint took the plastic bag from his pocket. "Here it is. I went into the farmer's wheat field on the other side of your estate for our fresh catalyst."

"The garage is ready for the test." He puffed on the pipe, blowing a gray cloud toward the blue sky. "You were gone so long, Clint, I thought you walked halfway across the state."

I was also taking care of your wife, Clint thought. He said, "Well, I wanted some good wheat samples. The cholorphyll in wheat, with its special characteristics will make this a good test. The laboratory experiments show the chlorophyll in grass is a very active catalyst, but we want to sell this one to farmers, not homeowners, right?" He gazed at the huge lawnmower, commented idly, "You've quite a piece of machinery there. It looks like a small tank."

"I tested it while you were finding the catalyst." He puffed on the pipe again. "It works perfectly but I don't care for their color scheme. Yellow and red. I'm surprised they didn't paint a German cross on it and give it superfluous tail fins to really satisfy themselves. I'll have it repainted grey and. . . . Well, Clint, let's experiment with your new bugkiller."

They went into the garage. Clint's face was reddened and he hoped the other man wouldn't notice. There was something subtly irritating about Ethan. Subtle insults. Yellow and red was too cheap and flamboyant . . . paint it grey . . . OK, Clint, boy, let's see how your little bug-killer works!

Linette had probably suffered the same subtle insults for five years. Ethan had probably used her in bed as he would have used a secretary to type a letter.

Struggling to shove the bitterness aside, he closed the garage's side door. The huge front double doors were locked—Linette had taken care of that. . . .

Kneeling, he opened the can of selected insects and kicked it across the concrete floor. A cloud of insects rose from the rolling can, spread throughout the garage. "Two hundred dollars worth of bugs," he muttered. "Now we have to kill them." *As I have to kill you,* he added as he looked into the icy grey eyes before him. He removed the lid from the five gallon can of insecticide.

Ethan was kneeling beside the can, studying the white powder in the can while he puffed on his pipe.

"The safety feature should prove a good selling point," Clint said. "Without the catalyst of chlorophyll, it's only a harmless white powder." He dumped the wheat samples onto the white powder.

The can erupted like a small bomb, spewing a steady stream of fumes. Ethan stepped away. "Quite impressive!" He coughed as the fumes struck his face.

Clint began backing toward the side door. He wanted to talk fast to distract the other man with concepts. He said, "It will work for any crop. Wheat is only the most difficult. It should work even more efficiently on a bean crop, tomato plants, orchards, vineyards. Cost is cut to a minimum. Sprayed from an airplane, the powder will land directly on a farmer's crops because of the high density. And, of course, the powder is not activated until it touches the chlorophyl of the plants, so the effectiveness of the insecticide is tremendous." He laughed. "It's right there on the leaves where the dirty little bugs want to eat!" He laughed again and

heard the wildness of his own sound.

Ethan coughed violently, move further away from the spewing can of insecticide. The pipe dangled from his limp arm.

"Clint. . . . We didn't discuss . . . are the fumes poisonous?"

"Hell, no. You could stay in this garage all day with the fumes and they wouldn't hurt you." He was near the side door now. He slipped his hand in his pocket and grasped the key Linette had given him.

"Well. . . . Good job, Clint. Appreciate your efforts making this a top secret experiment. . . ." He coughed. "We should . . . beat the other chemical companies with it." He clutched his throat. "Ah. First on the market to. . . ." He coughed so violently the pipe jumped from his twitching fingers. *"Clint! The fumes are. . . ."*

"The fumes aren't poisonous," Clint insisted. "Let's prove it. You stay here and breathe them!" He slipped out the side door and locked it from the outside. He had kept moving away from the fumes but had still accidentally breathed in a small amount. Stumbling away from the garage, into the sunlight, he coughed and then sneezed.

Ethan Rainard felt his lungs burning as he moved toward the side door on weakening legs. The door was locked! He stared at the round metallic smoothness of the knob in horror. It was the kind of knob that could only be unlocked from the outside. He hurried toward the large front doors, stumbled, fell, struggled to his feet again to stagger against the large door. Locked! The handle wouldn't move. . . .

He slid along the length of the door, his fingertips following the long locking bar that led from the handle until he found the padlock at the end. *Padlock.* They had never padlocked the door before!

His trembling fingers pulled on the unyielding padlock. . . .

Linette.

He knew the truth but it seemed unimportant compared to the task of staying alive. He fell and crawled to the can of insecticide, replacing the lid. His lungs still burned from the cloud of poisonous fumes and he knew he would die if he didn't get out of the garage. He was dying!

He picked up the lawnmower control console and went to the front doors again, beating against the plexiglass with the console. Each blow was weaker and weaker and the plexiglass did not yield. If he had a hammer, he could have broken the almost unbreakable windows, but there was no hammer in the garage. . . .

The mower!

He wondered if the mower could break down the large doors before he died. If he directed the mower a distance from the doors, sent it hurtling at its highest speed. . . .

Through burning eyes, he saw Clint standing with Linette by the hedge at the end of the driveway. Incredibly, as he watched, they were no longer standing. They were down on the grass by the hedge, Linette pulling her skirt high, spreading her legs, Clint falling between them. . . .

He jabbed at the buttons on the control console.

One last desperate attempt and in the process. . . .

Clint had seen Linette standing by the hedge and gone to her. Her face was pale but her eyes were wide and wild.

"Will it work?" she asked anxiously.

"It'll work. And it won't take long. He can't get out of there." He slipped an arm around her waist as he stood beside her. He looked up at the huge Tudor style house and felt exultant. The house and the corporation and Linette would soon be his! The next steps would be the simplest and easiest: unlock the side door, removed the padlock from the garage main doors. He would spend five minutes breathing the insecticide fumes; five minutes would be enough to lose consciousness. Linette would phone for an ambulance. The ambulance driver and his helper (and the physicians at the hospital) would find there had been another chemical research accident. One man dead, one man in serious condition.

No doubt in anyone's mind. An *accident.* A year from now he would marry Linette and. . . .

"He's watching us, Clint. He's standing there and watching us while he dies! Clint!" Her fingernails bit into his arm. She was wild with excitement and he did not realize the true nature of her excitement until she unbuttoned her blouse, babbling. "I want to show him, Clint! You don't know the way he treated me! As if I were some kind of servant! He was so cold, he made me *beg*. . . ." Clint watched in amazement as she lay on the ground by his feet, pulling her skirt up and spreading her legs. Her breasts rose and fell spasmodically. She gasped, *"Clint!* Let's show him!"

His mind raced. Too many things to grasp, too many things at once. Ethan was dying. Everything would soon be *his.* The servants were off today as they were every Tuesday. No danger anyone would see them. Linette writhing on the grass beneath him. Death and lust and hate and passion all welded together in her beautiful body.

He felt the roaring in his own mind and body—the roaring of death, lust, hate, passion—he was tugging at his clothing, dropping to his knees between her beautiful legs, shoving into her hungrily while her arms went around his back and her heels dug into his buttocks.

He smashed into her again and again, lost in the tight softness of the beautiful perfumed body, smashing and smashing into her while the air was filled with the sound of his grunting and her wild squeals of joy.

Done. Faster and better than ever!

A new sound. . . .

They had filled the air with the sound of their own lust but, in the following silence, they heard the machine roaring.

His head was an inch above Linette's. He could have kissed her by barely moving, but he turned toward the roaring and saw the steel rotary blade beneath the mower rushing toward them. Ethan had elevated the undercarriage by remote control. *To go over rocks,* Ethan had commented as he demonstrated the mower briefly that morning.

Clint judged the speed of the mower. A terrifying speed and the blade was at a height that would strike their heads.

He struggled to move but he was too tangled in Linette's arms and legs to move quickly enough.

Now it was Ethan's turn to watch!

NIBBLY KNOBS

This cutie wants a guy who is more than just a lipoff. She looks for a rugged he-man who gets his teeth into his work and is hungry for more.

BUST LINES

REVERSE ACTION

If you can't help me, dear "Bust Lines", I don't know what I'll do! I wrote to that big-shot nationally syndicated "lady" columnist (you know the one I mean) and got one of her usual snotty answers. I am hoping for solid help from you.

Here is my problem. I have always had extra-large boobies. When I was just a mere child—11 or 12 or so—I already had breasts that were the envy of all my girl friends and lots of other, older, women, too! Believe me, every teacher at school was either too complimentary to me (or too bitchy) about my breasts for me to have any illusions about them. My Mom had me wear very tight bras, because she said she "couldn't stand the shame."

Well, Mom's reaction was just the start. She made me feel ashamed—as if I were deformed, or something. My girl-friends made me feel that maybe I wasn't deformed—but *something* was surely wrong with me, being so different from all them. The boys were crowding around me, nudging me and pinching me, with that funny look in their eyes that only means one thing. They even took to standing outside my house after dark, and every time *anybody's* shadow crossed one of the shades there was chorus of wolf-whistles that would wake up the sleeping birds. My Dad had to call the cops, but when they came even one of them let out a wolf-whistle when I came to the door.

I begged my folks to let me leave home. Maybe go to school in some other town, where, at least, people wouldn't know my name. They nearly let me go when one of the women teachers in school got into trouble with the authorities for constantly caressing my titties during gym period and begging me to let her kiss them. I didn't mind her feeling, but some jealous girls reported her and tried to make out like I had led her on, which simply wasn't true.

I really liked boys a lot—but in just an average way. I was curious about them, as most girls are, I suppose. But when I was thirteen, the captain of the high school football team asked me to meet him in the park down by the river. He made me have wild sex with him by threatening to drown me if I wouldn't do it just the way he wanted. He was the first male who had full use of my breasts—and he certainly did use them. He was very rough and cruel and my parents knew something very bad had happened just from all the cuts and bruises I had. So they called the police and the doctor. But he, the football hero, was the only son of some of the richest people in town and so boy after boy took an oath that each of them had had me sexually, all lies. But it got the football captain out of his rape charge.

My parents even believed those other people, too. Not me. They claimed I must have "led them on". It was as if by me having extremely large and beautiful breasts men just couldn't help raping me and lying about me—even if it ruined me.

Even before I was out of high school I had been offered modelling contracts, because before I was a senior girl, my bust line was 42 inches. It has grown since. But by that time I had met Richard. He still is the finest and best man who has ever been in my life. And he was principal of the high school, too! Of course he was much older than I, but right from the beginning he treated me as if I were a person in my own right. He was the only man in my life to ask my permission to admire and caress my boobies.

He was married, of course, but his wife was a scraggy old thing. And her tongue was worse than a snake's. She was the biggest gossip and scandal-monger in town. She ruined lots of reputations but she was fairly rich and got away with it.

Richard was simply wonderful to me. He dealt with all the people who wanted to capitalize on me. After all, how many states have a seventeen-year-old girl who is the proud possessor of the biggest and finest pair of titties in the entire state? Richard carefully went over each and every contract—then explained it to me, and usually left it up to me to decide. He was a dear and devoted friend. I learned more from him than from all the teachers I ever had—all put together. I mean school subjects, too!

All he ever asked of me was that I would let him very gently undress the upper part of my body, so he could gaze on, and softly touch and lovingly lick and kiss my enormous mammaries. Starting at the beginning with a man old enough to be my father made me feel strange, but he was so gentle and loving that I soon was as eager for our sessions as he was. He used to get me so inflamed that I actually asked him to go all the way, but he refused. A few days after this, his wife caught us, and raised such hell that I was sent off to a reform school and Richard committed suicide.

At the reform school I was under constant siege. Older girls who were jealous wanted to scratch and burn my titties and use me sexually, but somehow I escaped the

worst of their vile intentions.

Upon my release, my parents refused to have anything to do with me. Then a very courteous (and oily) gentleman offered to help me out—but his plan was to put me in a one-woman whorehouse—from which he'd take all the profits. I ran away from him and was hitchhiking when I met Leo. He was two years older than I, fairly well off, and a perfect gentleman. We were married by a justice of the peace, and since then I have been a prisoner. He will not let me see or talk with anyone but him. He is deathly jealous of all other males—no matter what their age is, and he is convinced that I can't have a girlfriend without her trying lesbian advances with me.

I would be ideally happy with Leo—even as his prisoner—but I do not think our love is an honest one. I think if it weren't for my breasts, he would pass me on the street and never recognize me! And I do have a nice face—even a pretty face!

So here is what I want to do: since my breasts have never brought me much of anything except trouble, I want to have them taken off! I know it can be done, safely and easily. Then I will have a chance to live a healthy, normal, happy life—or at least try without having these two enormous globes of flesh to interfere with my life.

Please tell me that I am doing the right thing.

E.L.S.
Houston, Texas

We have taken a vote in the office. It's unanimous: NO. You won't get rid of your problems by shedding your chief assets. Hang on! And keep thankful for gifts which millions of other women would flaunt and treasure! ED.

MELON QUEEN

Down here we have a yearly festival. We grow the best melons in the U.S.A. and we are proud of them. Now hold on! I am talking about *Watermelons*—so we have this big blowout at the height of the season. Parades, bands, street dancing, carnivals and big barbecues. Also we have a queen. She has got to be between 17 and 18 and she has got to have really big knockers.

Well, it makes sense, don't it? It's a Watermelon Festival and so she is the Melon Queen and she should have big melons, ha, ha. It only stands to reason.

Now here is our problem. There is a man lives here who controls most of the money hereabouts. I mean loans for farms, equipment, machinery, houses, businesses. Just about everything. If he says no, you might as well give up and haul stakes because you will have no more chance than a snowball in hell of getting a loan anywhere else.

He has got this daughter. Now for face, legs, rear end and so forth she is okay. In fact she is really gorgeous. And she will be just the right age this coming year.

Now the problem is—she's got her a chest that is flatter than a boy's. She is flatter than a washboard. It ain't her fault, and everybody knows it. It's just the way it is.

Now us old boys on the committee are up the creek. If we vote for her we are just the same as killing the Festival because she will have to wear falsies and any guy with eyes in his head will know it's a phoney set. If we don't vote her in, we might just as well sell everything and move on out, because her Daddy will never let up on us.

She is a beautiful girl except for no tits.

What can we do?

T.R.
Arkansas

If she's rich enough maybe you can get some European prince to marry her. Otherwise you'd better get the high school football, basketball, baseball and track teams started learning how to suck titties. We hear it makes 'em grow! Working in relays, those boys ought to accomplish something inside the year you've got left. ED.

AND STILL CHAMP-EEN!

I want you to print my name and address and phone number! *(Sorry—can't do that. ED.)*

Because I am sick and tired of all the bragging that is going on about this or that "movie queen" being the "oldest and still sexiest" and so forth.

I was in many, many silent films. I worked under such great directors as D.W. Griffith, and alongside such great actors as W.S. Hart, Rudolph Valentino and many others. I may not have ever reached top billing, but my name was in lights for years.

I still have 48-inch bust. My nipples are rose-colored and fresh looking. My breasts are full, plump, ivory-white and satin smooth.

I have done this by rubbing a mixture of royal jelly and mare's milk into them every day for the past 75 years.

It has been worth it.

H.N.V.
California

QUESTION & ANSWER

Have there ever been any broads that have had more than two jugs? I don't mean a graft job nor nothing like that. I mean more than two jugs on one broad. Please ans.

H.Y.
Michigan

See photo on this page. ED.

DIANA OF EPHESUS
Alabaster and bronze. Rome, II century A.D.

SUCK-SESS STORY

My mother made me suck my sister's titties an hour every evening and every morning. I got an increase in my allowance for doing this.

My sister is now a very big television and movie star. All you guys have probably drooled over her.

I am her chauffeur and bodyguard. I still suck her titties an hour every morning and evening unless she is otherwise engaged. Last Christmas she gave Mother a nice sable coat.

H.N.
California

BEAUTY AND THE BREAST

D-CUP MEANS DELICIOUS

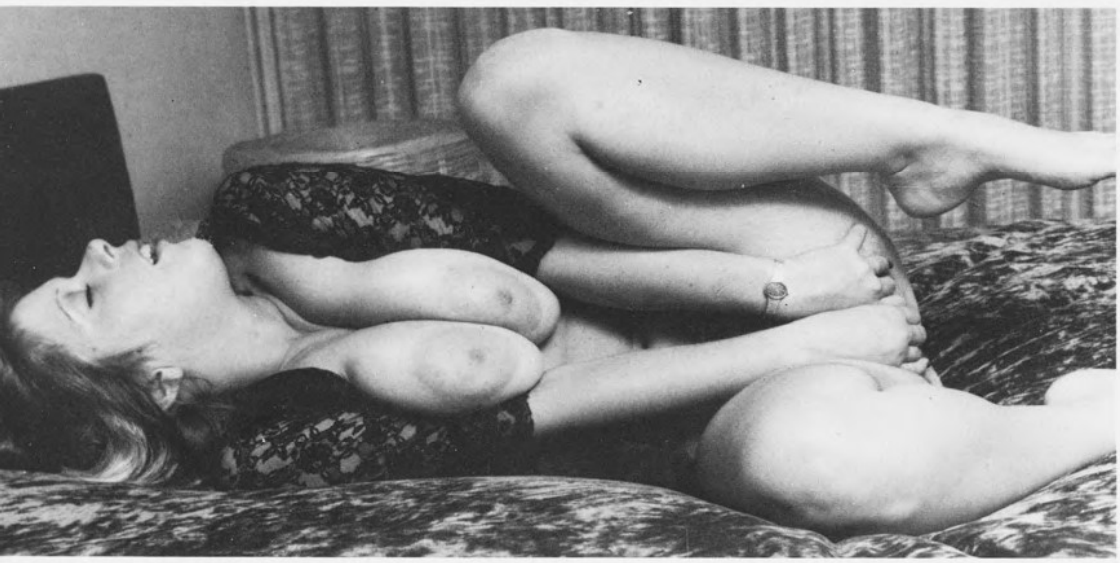
It used to be a rule that the smaller the container, the better the liquor. But any guy who tries the contents of these cups knows better, because they make any guy drunk with happiness.

She's rightfully proud of this prize-winning pair.
They're enough to give any man his comeuppance.

Blue Ribbon Jugs

OPEN SEASON ON MELONS

The dude who tries to thump this magnificent pair to see if they're ripe and ready for plucking, is due for the surprise of his life. The only way she'll let you have these beauties to eat is by gentle stroking.



Measuring tits all over Europe just about wore this young scholar's pencil down to a nub. Still he pressed on, climbing hummock after hummock to get a broad view of every possible kind of breastwork. The figures he gathered are eye-popping for men.

(A recent college graduate decided to do a part of his graduate work abroad. He planned a provocative subjevt for his master's thesis: "Where in the world are the biggest tits?" Of course, he knew he'd have to dress this language up in academic gobbledygook, but that's what he set out to find—the world's biggest and best boobies.

He flew directly to Rome.

Here is the first installment of his scientific report.)

"Italian girls are definitely chesty. In fact they are quite pushy about their frontal appendages. In the Italian language, "Mamma" not only means female parent but it is also the ancient Latin word meaning "breast," which has gone directly into the modern tongue.

"Mamma mia!" seems to be the favorite expression of all Italians, of any age or gender. And small wonder. On every hand the delicacies present themselves at every hour of the day or night in such dizzying if not to say breath-taking way that one has problems carrying on scientific research.

However here are the results—statistically arranged—for the three days I spent in Italy:

Age	A-cups	B-cups	C-cups	D-cups	Unbelievable!
13-15	61%	21%	14%	3%	1%
16-18	46%	27%	16%	8%	3%
19-21	21%	20%	44%	10%	5%
22-24	17%	18%	47%	11%	7%

Italian girls are very jealous. They are jealous of their measurements and, once you've taken them, they are very jealous of you. Side note: The Italians call VD "The Spanish Disease".

(From Rome, our young researcher went directly to Spain.)

Spanish señoritas are known for their raven tresses, their flashing eyes, their smooth olive skins—and they don't do too bad when it comes to tits. They tend to be not quite so lush as the Italian bimbos, but they are definitely up to par when it comes to size, shape—and especially reactions.

They tend to be a little shy at first. They prefer to establish eye contact and they play that game with passion and skill.

In Spain the 46-inch chest is definitely the property of older women, and among these, my estimate of 46-inch and above—mostly above—is about 31%. However, these gigantic chests tend to be deflated and pendant.

Younger women—once they have established eye contact—always manage to find some way of brushing up against the young man of their choice. This may be in a crowded street, a narrow hallway, near the holy water fount or wherever close physical contact is unavoidable which is just about everywhere in Spanish cities.

The first "brush" is to give the señor a general idea of the plumpness, firmness and general texture of the twin-pointed cushion where he may expect to rest his fevered brow later on.

The second "brush" is to elicit a sigh of surrender

from the señorita. It also gives her an opportunity to feel and find out if her "caballero" is ready to mount and ride for his life.

I lost my Spanish statistics jumping out a second-story window in Seville.

Personally I encountered only two lactating (milk-producing) females during the course of my Spanish research. One was age 18 (she later admitted she was really much younger—by a half-dozen years. But her mother claimed she was 18) and the other was 47. Both were delicious.

In Spain, VD is known as "The French Sickness."

From Spain, our scientific friend entered France, going first to the Cote d'Azur, or French Riviera, the original home of nude sunbathing on public beaches.)

French girls in bikinis make a young guy's head swivel, but when they go topless it's more than a guy

can stand. So I sat around on the beaches and just goggled—making a scientific note from time to time.

Near Monte Carlo I spotted this dazzling young chick. She said she was a princess, so I said, "That's okay, I'm a king. You want to check out my royal scepter?" So we got along just fine. She was small when it came to breastworks, but otherwise she was in great shape to take on all attackers.

Around Nice and Cannes I really scored.

Ahem. French breasts tend to be smaller and firmer. The mademoiselles apparently want to achieve pertness even if it means sacrificing size. They succeed admirably. One lady who allowed me to make very deep scientific projections and really get into my subject had magnificent breasts. No larger than B-cups, they were so beautifully formed that I could only drool over them until she gave a grind and a bump which caused me to immediately get into what I had been planning to get to the bottom of.

Her breasts were rather typical of most of the Riviera variety, so I shall describe them in some detail. To start, they were beautifully suntanned. In fact they appeared to have been dipped, over and over, into some golden-bronze paint of the candy-apple variety, since they simply glowed. The shape was that of a large champagne glass—upside down and without a stem. The areolas were of a rosy, coppery hue and the nipples themselves were pink and elongated as if they had passed every oral examination they had ever been subjected to—say, maybe ten thousand times. The texture was firm and resilient. No matter how hard I bit down on them, or no matter how deep I pushed my rigid member (sometimes I used my thumb but not always) the surface of the mammary gland immediately popped back into place.

The next morning she confessed that her fourth husband (an enormously wealthy Argentine or some other South American) had commissioned one of France's greatest sculptors to make precise casts of her breasts so that they might later be made in various precious and semi-precious stones and precious metals, as well as in foam rubber to cover the floors of his enormous castle. However, the sculptor did such a magnificent job of impressing her that she ran away with him, and about that time I asked her how old she happened to be. "But cheri!" she answered, "of what possible importance is that? These, " she added proudly, fondling the boobies I had only moments ago stopped embracing myself, "are much younger, cheri, even than you!" Then seeing the puzzled look on my face she laughed roguishly and told me her age (eleven years older than my mother) and how many hundreds of thousands of francs her implants cost her.

Eh, bien! (as they say) One lives and learns—a lot, in France!

I estimated that 71% of the French women I encountered on their Riviera concealed their age so artfully that even their parents would be confused. I also estimate that not less than 38% and not more than 47% of all breasts encountered in the south of France started life as silicone molecules.

But Paris—"The City of Light"—ah, that's a different story! Here there is every type and kind of woman that any male, anywhere, could ever desire. Only in Paris can women live as women, from the massive-titted and raucous-tongued women of the markets to the svelte, lithe and sleek dress models of the haute-couture salons.

On the Rue de Rivoli I estimate that breasts run from B through D cups. On Boulevard Haussman (a ritzy district) from C back to A.

On the Left Bank, in Montparnasse and in the arrondissements that lay toward the Gare du Nord breasts are free and full: free of bras and other restraints, and full of the milk of human kindness. Nowhere are girls more responsive to eager male eyes, and hungrily-licked male lips. I was so busy dealing with these responses on a person to person, or one-to-two basis that I neglected to take notes. Suffice it to say that if the French believe the English are a nation of shop-keepers, they probably now believe that the Americans are a nation of tit-suckers.

In France VD is ignored.

(Our young scientist hitch-hiked to West Germany)

The Frauleins (and the fraus, too) have lovely breasts—worthy, as one might expect, of a Rhine Maiden or a Brunnhilde. Noble, that's what they are, noble! I did keep some records, since the Germans are a very orderly and well-organized people, and respond to scientific research far more than they do to lip-licking, hand gestures, body contact or searching, hungry eyes.

GERMAN BUST MEASUREMENTS (West Germany)

Age	In.	36-37	38-39	40-41	42-43	44-45	Gott!
16-18		39%	28%	21%	9%	3%	0
19-21		24%	25%	27%	14%	7%	3%
22-24		20%	20%	20%	20%	12%	8%
Over 24		20%	20%	20%	20%	6%	14%

In West Germany the best place to pick up heavy-chested frauleins is in (a) beer-joints, (b) beer-parlors, (c) bier-gartens or (d) bierstubes. Other likely places include the streets, the parks, churches, museums, historical sites, offices, schools and homes.

In fact, in Germany the only young people who are flat-chested are boys. Some of the older guys don't do too bad with tits themselves. All depends on how long they've been hitting the beer. But, then, who cares?)

The Germans are friendly, outgoing and love to have a good time. The German girls like American guys because we're crazy. During the war, they say, it was nylons and chocolate bars that got things rolling. Today it's worn blue jeans.

In German VD is instantly treated in stainless steel, glass, chrome and porcelain treatment centers. It is marked on your health certificate. It is called the "Southern European Disease".

(For "health reasons" the youthful researcher was banished from Germany to the Scandinavian countries.)

In Denmark, Norway and Sweden there is only one problem: if you don't care much for blondes you are in for trouble. That's because blondes outnumber brunets about a million to one.

Another problem is this: All the blondes are natural. All the way. They don't know the meaning of the word bleach. They don't know the meaning of the word bitch, either. They are the sweetest, most natural, most generous, most fun of any chicks I met on this fact-finding tour.

Whether it's the diet or their natural and healthy lives, once again I noticed that ALL Scandinavian girls—no matter whether Danes, Norwegians or Swedes—all of them are big-bosomed.

All of them participate in another national pastime—it's called smorgasbord or smorrebrod or whatever, but it means eating. Not just eating, but EATING. They all do it, and they love it—and if a guy wants to eat they'll give him everything they've got!

My research data fell apart when I was in a sauna with this blonde. It just got too hot and steamy and the paper dissolved. So did I.

However, in all three countries, I found that pickled herring goes great. I mean "to clear the palate" so that a guy can savor all the flavor of the titties he gets to sample. Also they have a thing up there called lingonberries. (No, these really *are* berries!) They make a fantastic sauce from these berries: red, and tangy. Just drip it over those delicious globes of quivering flesh, and spend a quiet afternoon licking it off. There are lots of quiet afternoons in Scandinavia—usually it's either snowing, raining, sleeting, freezing, foggy or just plain dark. It's the land of the midnight sun, you know.

It's not too hard to believe that one of their old-time goddesses was named Frig. She had big tits, too, according to legend.

(The avid researcher could not get a visa for Russia, so he took a slow fishing boat to England. The boat had an all-girl crew. It took about a month to make the voyage. By plane it takes one hour.)

GREAT Britain! It sure is. For one thing everyone knows what you're talking about. You don't have to look up the local word for tit—nor do you have to point.

The chicks in London are sleek, fast and with it. They are sharp dressers—and ultra-fast undressers. Like some big city U.S. girls, some of them are disappointments. Once their padded bras come off, that's

the end of their bustline—except maybe just a tiny rise.

So the thing to watch for is chicks without bras. There are plenty. Everywhere. One of the fastest I ever had in my life was on the upper deck of one of those famous double-deck city busses. It was raining. I admit her umbrella gave us some protection, but it was better sucking her boobies while careering down Oxford Street than anything I ever had in New York!

English girls run a wide emotional gamut. London girls carry on a brittle conversation while their breasts are being caressed. Their squeals and gasps sometimes indicate that their train of thought has been interrupted by a flick of the tongue. (Your tongue, not hers!) Working-class girls in London tend to moan and twist. Country girls often eat something—an apple, some chips—while you're eating their boobies. They take a man's lingual and labial interest in their mammary glands with the same calm air of detachment that a cow shows when the calf nuzzles her.

Girls in Scotland claw your back, and Welsh girls break into trills of song.

The biggest jugs in England were on a girl in Yorkshire. Fittingly, she was a dairymaid. Her measurements were 44/27/36. She was magnificent—like a battleship. She went to sleep as I worked on her.

Tiny blue veins are more apparent on English breasts than the other European types I surveyed. They give the exposed breast a look of fine porcelain.

The only problem I encountered in England was that English girls smoke incessantly and seldom remove the cigaret from their lips. Sparks kept falling on my hair, and sometimes a small brush fire resulted.

Back at school my professors told me my subject was not of sufficient scientific interest and that I would have to do something else. However, they eagerly perused my notes and field work. Three of them have applied for visas for next vacation period. So my year abroad was not entirely wasted. I am considering branching out as a travel agent, promoting special-interest tours. "Suck and Slurp—All Through Europe!" ●●●

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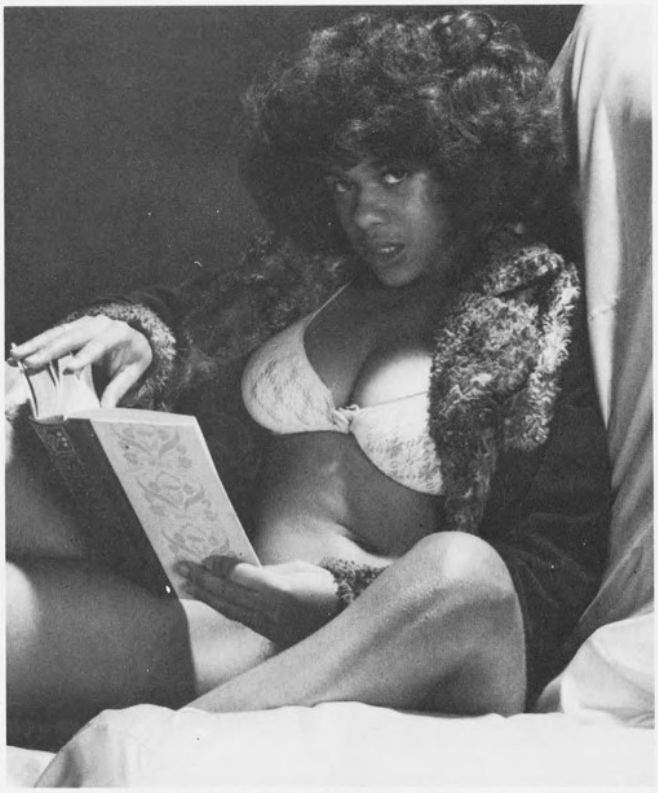

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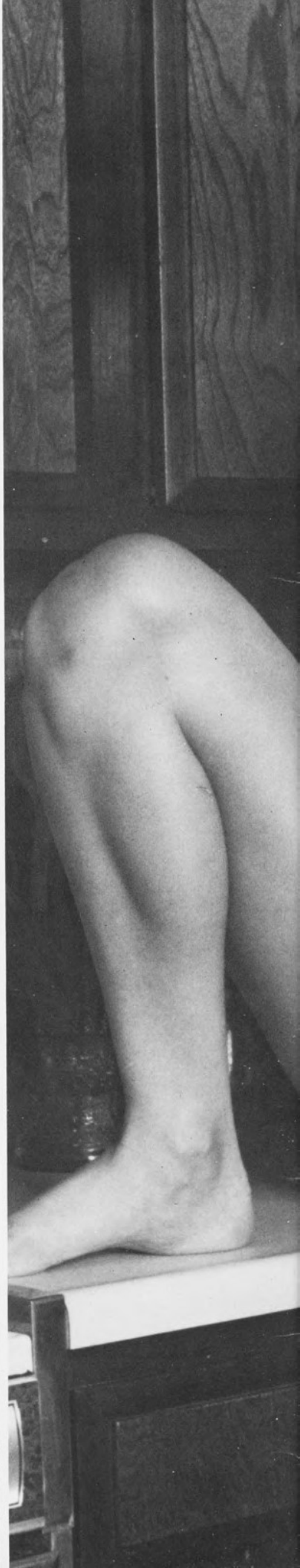

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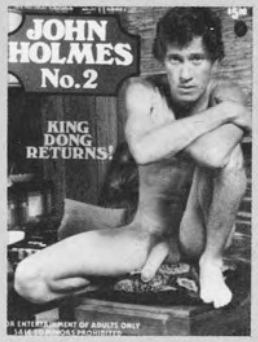

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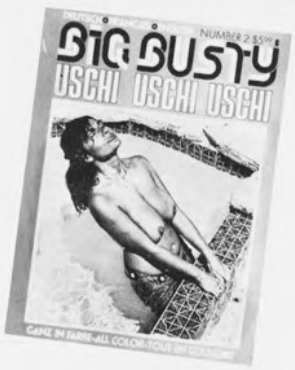

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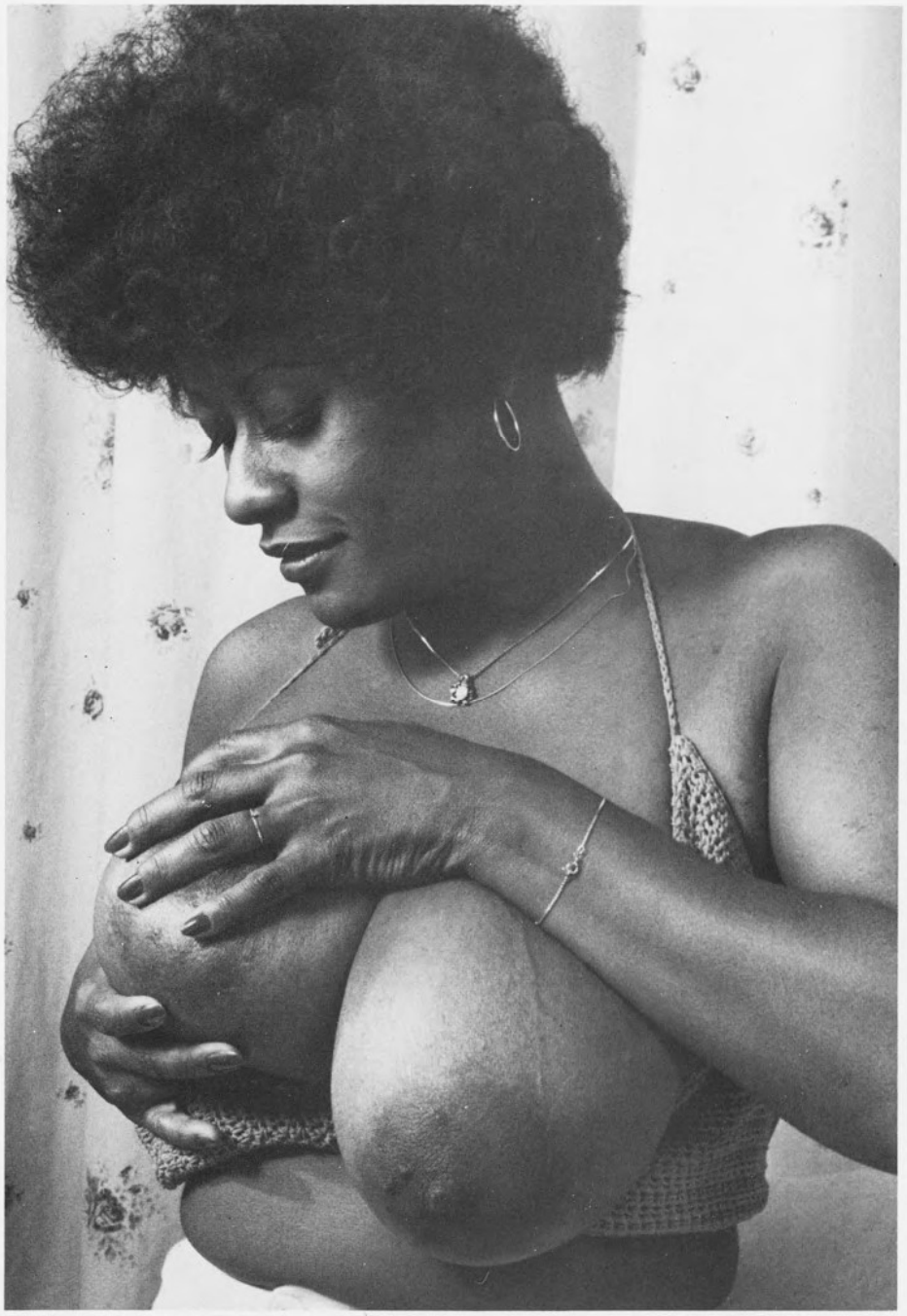

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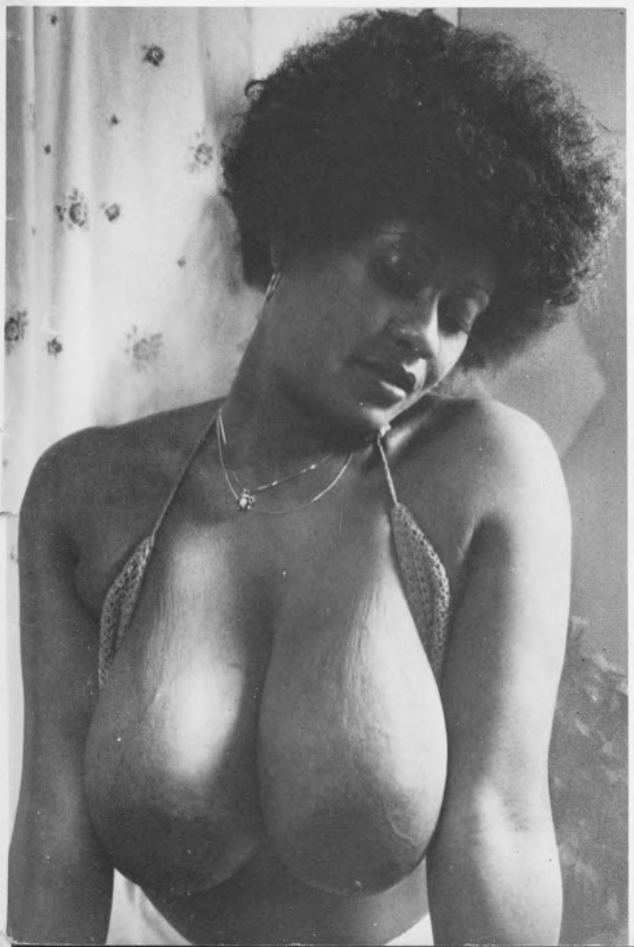
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